



jig-saw



15 0 2

Chapter 1 by Ray Wise

It's one of those mornings you'd rather forget - or rather I forget the morning anyway.. It's clearly getting darker and the water I'm laying in is getting colder. I lift my head up, it hurts but I scan the area to see what has become of me and to be honest I wish I'd never looked. The smell of fuel and parts of aircraft are scattered round the lake - bodies are floating near me, I look down at my reflection - I look hard and try to think - what happened and how did get here?

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